

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

MAY 28, 1938

WHO'S WHO

LAURENCE KENT PATTERSON, historian and contemporary observer of history in the making, is a member of the faculty of Woodstock College, Maryland. He completed his formal education when he graduated as a Lady Margaret Scholar of Christ's, University of Cambridge. In forwarding his present article, he advised the editor with "a word as to its purpose and character. It is what might be called a 'totalization.' I aim to gather 'high spots' from reliable witnesses concerning Russia. I think many readers would find this sort of article useful since they cannot get, or read, Beal, Lyons, Citrine, Gordon, Thomas, Gide and the others whom I cite." . . . PAUL McGUIRE supplements his article published April 9. As noted then, he was engaged in England and Spain as an official of the Duke of Wellington's Committee for the Repatriation of Spanish Children. After a tour in this country, studying Catholic Action and lecturing, he returned to England, then went to Rome, and next month will be pointing for his Australian home after his long European task. . . . THEOPHILUS THISTLE warrants no further identification for the present. His article was an undergraduate composition, written with deadly seriousness. . . . J. G. E. HOPKINS, instructor at Loyola School, New York, is an alert poet, dramatist, essayist and fictionist who has published in these and other columns. . . . THEODORE MAYNARD is well known as a national lecturer and a former professor of literature in eastern colleges. . . . FATHER BLAKELY'S article recalls to those who can remember the battle he waged on behalf of Catholic charities more than twenty years ago.

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Editor-in-Chief: FRANCIS X. TALBOT.

Associate Editors: PAUL L. BLAKELY, JOHN LAFARGE, GERARD DONNELLY, JOHN A. TOOMEY, LEONARD FEENEY, WILLIAM J. BENN, ALBERT I. WHELAN.

Editorial Office: 329 W. 108TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Business Manager: FRANCIS P. LeBUFFE.

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COMMENT

JESUS was honored on the mainland of Europe by an International Eucharistic Congress for the first time since 1924. Hungary was the host, and Budapest was the sanctified city for the Thirty-Fourth Congress, which opened on May 22 and continued through the week. Cardinal Pacelli, Papal Secretary of State, was the Legate of His Holiness. Seventeen Cardinals, seventy Archbishops and 223 Bishops representing forty countries and upwards of 450,000 pilgrims added their presence to the million people of the twin cities of the Danube. Heroes Square was the expansive gathering place for the open-air Masses and other religious services and demonstrations. Seats accommodating 135,000 people had been arranged for those privileged to join their voices to the hymns and prayers offered to the Eucharistic King in this world-encircling adoration. Sectional assemblies met to discuss intellectually and ascetically the relation of Christ to His Faithful and they to Him. Processions on land and a naval procession on the waters of the blue Danube, flowers and lights and colors united material beauty to the spiritual splendor. May Jesus, the Prince of Peace, spread the desire and practice of peace along the countries of the Danube which are so near the rupture of European peace. And may the hopes of Europe and the other continents for a universal peace be fulfilled through the intercession of the worshipers at the Eucharistic Congress.

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WHEN abroad it is not pleasant for a Chicagoan or a New Yorker to be asked even in jest about the status of gunmen in his city, nor for any American similarly to be accosted about an unsolved kidnapping. "We have begun and shall continue the successful drive to rid our land of kidnapers and bandits," was the solemn promise of the 1936 Democratic platform. Good work has been done by Mr. Hoover's department, but the land is far from rid of the plague, as the latest Levine case shows. With billions ready for pump-priming and thousands being spent in mimic warfare, it is to be hoped that the deficit of \$173,000 which has closed five of Mr. Hoover's offices and placed half of his field force on mandatory leave, will be restored. It is a small sum for human life and property in a real battle with gangsters and stick-up enemies.

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DIPLOMATIC relations between the Holy See and Nationalist Spain have at last been formally and permanently established, thus bringing to a close the semi-official status that has existed for the past year. This act on the part of His Holiness is a staggering blow to the Barcelona Government which has repeatedly claimed that it alone held diplomatic

standing with the Vatican. By this act on the part of Pius XI the Nationalist Government is officially recognized as the only legitimate authority in Spain. Previous to the outbreak of the Civil War official representation existed with the Republican Government, but, due to the deluge of outrages and atrocities, the Apostolic Nuncio was withdrawn. No formal severance of relations was declared, but the post of Nuncio was left vacant. For the past year, semi-official relations with the Franco Government have been maintained with Msgr. Ildebrando Antoniutti acting as Papal chargé d'affaires. At last the Holy See has spoken to the world with formal and sole recognition of the Nationalist Government. It now seems quite certain that other European Governments will follow shortly in the footsteps of the Holy Father. It is to be earnestly hoped that this act on the part of His Holiness may bring peace and unity to unhappy Spain.

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WAY down South in New Orleans, the editors and managers of the Catholic papers and periodicals met in the Twenty-seventh Annual Convention of the Catholic Press Association which lasted for the three days following May 18. Most Rev. Joseph F. Rummel, Archbishop of New Orleans, welcomed the delegates from there and elsewhere, and Monsignor Peter M. H. Wynhoven provided for their welfare. Problems affecting the Catholic press and the Catholic front in the United States were discussed under the presidency of Vincent de Paul Fitzpatrick, managing editor of Baltimore's *Catholic Review*. Certainly, the editors have need for human wisdom and Divine guidance in these days of upheavals and dangers. There is unity of doctrine and ideals in the councils of the American Catholic editors, but there is still need of a more coordinated unity of strategy in the conduct of the campaign for God through the printed word. There is the further need of devising methods whereby the Catholic press may reach all Catholic eyes throughout the United States, and whereby it may be more adequately supported by Catholic buyers.

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THOMAS MANN, the eminent German exile, giving a lecture last week to benefit the refugees, said something which needs to be qualified. "Democracy," remarked Dr. Mann, "is nothing but the political name for the ideals which Christianity brought into the world as a religion." We think that sentence needs careful distinction, for mere ideals are not religion and Christianity brought this world an organization and not merely a set of principles. It also brought a code of action, means of grace, a way of worship, a bond of union, and all the rest, and even among the ideals which Chris-

tianity introduced into the world there are many—for example, religious chastity or spiritual perfection or mortification—which are not even suggested by the word *democracy*. Dr. Mann goes on to imply that the two words are synonymous. But pushed to its logical conclusion, his belief would identify politics with theology, turn a method of civil government into a revealed religion and finally bring about subordination of Church to state—the very totalitarianism of which Dr. Mann is the magnificent enemy. Against this confusion we must protest. True democracy is indeed a Christian thing—like marriage or charity or peace. Democracy is something worth dying for upon the barricades, but it is far from being the divine Thing left to this world by its Saviour, and Christ taught a nobler message than, say, Thomas Jefferson. But on the other hand, if what Dr. Mann means is that the ideals of true democracy are Christian ideals, we must agree with him fully, for it is Christianity and only Christianity that has proposed these ideals and made democracy possible. All the things that a real democracy insists upon—the dignity of the human person, the doctrine of natural rights, a man's essential equality with other men, the limitations upon State power, freedom, tolerance, the State's solemn duty to aid the weak and helpless and to secure social justice, a man's right to a living wage and to economic opportunity—all these aims of true democracy are part of the gospel defended by the Church and Christian teachers.

MOST conventions are at best an occasion for a congenial get-together of old acquaintances. They provide excellent pretexts for profitable travel experience, and after two or three days of listening attentively, or inattentively, to a legion of speakers the delegates depart to their respective destinations, forgetful of what manner of men the convention supposed them to be. Quite the contrary spirit prevailed at the recent National Social Action Conference held at Milwaukee. One felt the tense earnestness of the nearly 5,000 delegates assembled, the purposeful and thrilling insistence of the speakers, the gravity of the problems discussed and their importance as applied to present needs. This was no sociable get-together, but a serious meeting of Catholic leaders of Social Action resolved to put in force the answer of Leo XIII and Pius XI to the problems of everyday life that confront the world. The spirit of the Conference was admirably caught in the concluding words of Archbishop Stritch that the National Catholic Social Action Conference would not end until every delegate had taken what he had learned back to his community and there applied it to the needs of present economic life. Communism in this country will have no terrors for us as long as the program of this Conference is in force.

FRANCE, at the moment we write, is the key pin in the Spanish War. It was the second foreign nation to interfere in the armed struggle between

Spaniards. Soviet Russia was the first. One week after the uprising in July, 1936, Fernando de los Rios, agent of the Madrid Government, had bound the Blum Ministry to supply airplanes, munitions and men to the Communists, who had already armed Spain for war. French military aid to Loyalist Spain has never ceased. The present, more moderate, Paris Ministry is beset on both sides. Great Britain and Italy, with Germany, are ready to effect a policy of non-intervention, dependent, however, on the closure of French military aid. Soviet Russia, to the contrary, is applying squeezing pressure on France to supply and transmit munitions to the Spanish Communists. After the United States refused to sanction the shipment of munitions to Barcelona, after the League of Nations snubbed the Barcelona junta, after the Pope withdrew recognition of the dead Republic, the Negrin group increased its pleadings with its old allies. The solution of Spain's tragedy is, at this moment, to be found in France. But, while the diplomats shuffle cards, France continues to sell or forward some 300 airplanes, anti-aircraft guns and heavy artillery to build up the demoralized defense of the Communists, Anarchists and a few deluded Liberals. Let France close the Pyrennes, and let Italy and Germany withdraw from Spain.

AT its recent annual meeting, the American Council on Education was complacently contemplating its \$2,000,000 apparatus for a survey of teacher training, when Dr. Alan Valentine, young President of Rochester University, rang an educational fire alarm: "Potential teachers after they have jumped through the loops of so many hours of educational psychology, which is certainly not education and frequently not psychology, and then chinned themselves so many times on the bar of practice teaching, are accepted as technically qualified to teach a subject they have had no time to master." Referring to the "complicated systems of state requirements and the complicated jargon of schools of education," President Valentine courageously declared: "I am, without regret, a layman and I admit it." The educationists did not heed the fire alarm, for they did not perceive any fire.

THERE is no educational jargon in the language of President Hutchins of the University of Chicago, whether he is writing in the *Saturday Evening Post* or is philosophizing at the annual meeting of the American Council on the cult of immediacy, according to which "there is no past. Any reference to antiquity or the Middle Ages shows you are not interested in social progress. We attack old problems not knowing that they are old and make the same mistakes because we do not know they were made." Despite this warning, the Council will spend two million dollars on the contemporary status of teacher training, nothing on teacher learning, forgetting apparently the adage of the ages, *nemo dat quod non habet*, which means: you can't steal the pants off a Highlander.

SPANISH MOTHERS IMPLORE RETURN OF THEIR EXILED CHILDREN

Homes, clinics, sanatoria are ready to receive them

PAUL McGUIRE

WHEN one considers the problems surrounding the return of Spain's refugee children to Nationalist territory, one question occurs (it has lately occurred to the editors of the several American newspapers, long indifferent to the fate of the thousands of Spanish children in Russia and Mexico: one wonders whether it has occurred to them spontaneously). Is Nationalist Spain a safe and proper place for these children?

There are a great many people among us who would, of course, prefer that the exiles should remain exiles, in France or Belgium or England or Russia. Far better that they should be lost among the millions of Russia than that they should be returned to their homes and their native country, now that their native country is to be a "Fascist" country, whatever that may mean. And this body of prejudice is a formidable one. It will have to be fought, if the children now lost are to be recovered. One already sees the shadow of its propaganda across editorial pages. But Catholics, at least, will not believe that Russia is a better place for Spain's children than Spain, or that a Mexican camp can rightly be preferred to a Spanish home.

When the first moves were made to restore the Spanish children in England to Spain, we were at once faced with this temper. What guarantee, we were asked, was there for proper care in Spain? The answer was at once given by the representative of the Vatican in Nationalist Spain. His Excellency Msgr. Antoniutti gave his own and the Church's guarantee. He would undertake, he said, that every child returned to Spain would be properly housed and cared for and educated. In the whole task which is before us, we may well bear that in mind. In this, Msgr. Antoniutti speaks for the Holy Father himself. The children will be cared for.

Actually, the greater number of those returned have gone at once to their own homes, to their parents or to near relatives: and there can be no decent excuse for detaining such children any longer. Yet thousands of them are detained in many countries. As I have written here before, there are many mothers in Spain today who have little prospect of meeting their children again unless we pray and work for them.

There will still remain (for us to defeat) a sus-

picion that Nationalist Spain will in some way penalize the children if they are returned to it. To anyone who has seen Nationalist Spain's deep concern and care for children, the notion is ludicrous. Unhappily, few people have seen the reality. They are still bewildered or perverted by lies.

I went into Spain with an acute sense of my responsibility in this matter. I was positively determined (and, indeed, I had been instructed) to report faithfully on what I saw. And this is my conclusion.

I believe that the children of the enemies of Nationalist Spain are better cared for by the Franco regime than the deserted, orphaned or destitute children in any other country I know.

When I went into Spain, in company with the first party of Basque children sent back from England, I understood at once that a special effort was to be made for these children. The Nationalists knew that they had been torn from their homes when Franco was made a monster in their minds; they knew that many of the children, fed on the stuff of English newspapers, would be nervous and even afraid. Actually, the children were much less afraid than one had expected, until that gang of Red refugees, of whom I spoke in my last article, surrounded them at Bordeaux and filled the air with blood-curdling tales. But the Nationalist authorities were sensitive to the children's possible alarms; and so, as they crossed the bridge into Irun, they were met on Spanish soil by children; and at every station all that day along the road to Bilbao they were met by children, who brought to them presents of fruit and sweets, but more, reassurance and fellowship.

There seemed to me in that gesture an almost exquisite tact. It prevailed, as far as I have been able to observe, in every phase of the return.

It is true that the children were kept in a room at Bilbao, some of them for hours, while their parents were interviewed one by one. The parents were not permitted to meet the children until they had satisfied the authorities and signed for each child, as if it were a piece of merchandise. But this procedure was forced on the authorities by the suspicion of the English committee which had taken the children away. Its observers had been admitted

with the children, and the Spanish authorities permitted a procedure which must have run much against the Spanish grain, against Spanish pride and Spanish love for children, in order to satisfy them. It was possibly necessary, but I find it difficult to remember without anger. The children had been yearning for their mothers so much. Sometimes one thinks that God will make a hard judgment of philanthropists.

It was my business to see what Spain did for the children. I went about, to the rooms where *Auxilio Social* tended and fed the children of Franco's enemies; and now, if I repeat myself, it is worth saying again. The children of dead or fled "Separatist" soldiers were better cared for by far than any other children I have ever observed in public charge.

One had again the same tact working. These children were not to be made outcasts, and they were not to be dragooned. Their dining-rooms were furnished like delightful nurseries, with little low tables and chairs, flowers, and frescos of Mickey Mouse and other ludicrous characters, none of them notably Fascist. Here and there would be a photograph of Franco or of de Rivera, and the new Spanish colors of red and gold which are also the old Spanish colors of heroic and proud memory. And the children were given to singing the National Hymn and that great prayer of the Requetés; but I do not know that any children could resist such music.

Auxilio Social, the organization of girls and women which does this work, was founded in the autumn of 1936 as a winter-aid. It works among the civil population wherever there is need, but its special emphasis is always on work for mothers and children. Today, in all parts of Spain, there are free restaurants for children. (I notice that someone here has lately endowed free restaurants for the poor. Nationalist Spain had the idea of properly organized, properly staffed, properly supported, pleasantly arranged and furnished restaurants for the poor in its first days.)

The Infant Welfare Department works with *Auxilio Social*. They have established homes, sanatoria, clinics in every part of Spain, though the work is chiefly in the newly occupied sections. Where the regime is established, wages have risen and prices are stable. All but deserted or orphaned children can be adequately fed and housed and supported by their own parents. In Seville, for example, it is now necessary to feed only 150 children a day in the six restaurants maintained by *Auxilio Social*.

The State supports the work. It is also supported by voluntary subscription. Every fifteen days, *Auxilio Social* makes its collections. Families in need who have their own homes may take the food to their homes; they are clothed; they are now being housed under the astonishing housing-schemes which give homes to the poor.

The girls of *Auxilio Social* have lived heroically, and their cooperation, the cooperation of the womanhood of Spain in the new order, is one of the happiest auguries. One has heard of captured

cities in which they had their kitchens open before the troops actually entered. At Teruel, they were working almost right up to the moment of the city's temporary evacuation. At Ovieda, they worked through the siege.

It began as war-work, but it will continue in peace. It extends itself now in the most settled parts of Spain throughout the countryside, helping peasant mothers with their children, scrubbing floors, training them in the care of babies, restoring the old rural community life in a score of ways. Incidentally, the girls themselves are learning a great deal from those they help. They are sharing the burdens of the poor, they are learning themselves the lessons of motherhood. They are intensifying in Spain that intense spirit of fellowship and of community which every visitor to Nationalist Spain remarks at once, perhaps, because it is so abominably and tragically lacking in other parts of the world.

A great burden will be thrown on *Auxilio Social* by the needs of the Provinces long misgoverned by the Reds. It is known that millions of people there are undernourished, that among the children, especially, malnutrition has produced all its foul consequences of tuberculosis and rickets and the rest. Franco has already prepared for this. There is now free sanatorium treatment for every tuberculosis patient in Nationalist Spain (a remarkable achievement when one remembers the drains that war makes on medical supplies and personnel), and we can trust him and his people to extend that service to the reconciled Provinces. But, plainly, we can help in the great burden which Red misrule has left for the Nationalists to shoulder.

Whenever I think of Spanish children, I shall always think of that first day in Spain. I went in suspicious, canny, ready to be disillusioned, wondering whether, after all, it would not have been better to have left the children in England until the war was done. And then there was the first hour, and that enormous meal to which they sat down at Irun, with its soups and its omelettes and its lamb cutlets and its fat Spanish sardines and its watered wine. I could not eat what was given me, but the children could. I think we all realized for the first time that they must have been sadly undernourished in England. Not that England was parsimonious, but that Spanish capacities were beyond our reckoning. Then there was the long day's journey through cheering thousands. All of Vizcaya seemed to have stopped work to greet its returning babes. I have never seen such crowds about a church (even about St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York on Easter Sunday) as there were about the church at San Sebastian when we went to give thanks for the homecoming. And so it was all the way to Bilbao. At all those places, Durango and the rest, of sad and splendid memory, there was now only joy. And all Bilbao was *en fête*.

We rode that night through the streets in decorated tramcars, and the whole city was illuminated, but above all other lights, one great sign, *Viva Cristo Rey*. And the boys of the Falange escorted us, and they could not resist the music of

the bands, and danced along instead of marching (whoever thought you could make a Nazi of a young Spaniard?). One sensed then the true spirit of Spain. It is not our spirit. It is of another, a simpler, and I believe, a better world, a world where men still love their children and want children, a world which cannot understand that sort of charity which rifles homes of their dearest treasures and denies to mothers the warm flesh which they have borne.

Spain will not thank the philanthropists who have taken and who keep her children from her.

For us, if we would do one thing which will repay our immeasurable debt to Spain, to Spain living and Spain dead, we could do nothing better than to restore her children. Spain, you see, still believes in the family. She still believes that children are better in their own homes, in their own country, among their own kind and their own kin, than in the orphanages and the institutions provided by foreigners.

We can do this for her. We can fight for the return of her children. And she will be grateful. Though, God knows, all the debt is ours.

SISTER ANTONIA ENDS HER LONG CAREER

Some reflections on careers and mothers

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

FOUR weeks ago, my old friend, Sister Antonia, of the Sisters of Mercy in New York, went to her reward. I think she was eighty-four years old, but had you seen her in the spring of last year, you would have said that she was, at most, in her late fifties. It was in 1923, or 1924 (my memory is not good for dates) that she did me the honor of asking me to preach at her Golden Jubilee, and I thought then that she would continue her work for at least a score of years. But just before last Christmas she began to fail, physically only, for her mind was clear and youthful to the last.

Had you known of her work for six decades, you might have wondered why she had not slackened years before. Mothers have been known to grow old in taking care of four or five children. I think that Sister Antonia must have mothered about ten thousand, since for about sixty of the sixty-seven years she spent in the Convent of Mercy her task was to mother the kindergarten babies. "How many babies do you suppose she has rocked to sleep in all these years?" the late Father Samuel Ludlow (God rest his noble soul!) asked me one day long ago. "How many bumped heads has she soothed," I countered: "How many cut fingers has she bound up, how many sore little hearts has she comforted?" He did not know, and I did not. But that was not important. God knew, and He does not forget.

Now and then in the course of my wanderings

I come across a phenomenon spawned, I think, by what we style our modern civilization. It is the "career mother." She has a child, perhaps two, and she has learned that one of the really difficult tasks in this world is to bring up a child. The novelty soon wears off, responsibility is thrust upon her, and she looks about for an escape. I might bring in a quotation or two at this point from a book about psychiatry, but that is not necessary. "Escape" is a good word, but the reality is older than psychiatry.

The pity of it is that she wants an escape from about the most useful job that a woman can do. It is a marvelous thing, no doubt, to design a Parthenon, or to build a Chartres. It is an infinitely finer achievement to train a child to become a good and useful citizen in this world, and in the end a citizen in the everlasting Kingdom of God. But it is not marvelous, it is frankly shameful, for a woman to escape from her children to a tea-room or a night-club. It is scarcely less shameful to escape from them into a political club, or into an association for improving the condition of the poor.

There are careers that are disgraceful, as well as careers that are glorious, and every mother can make her choice. The glorious career for a mother is to give her heart and her soul to the work of caring for her children. For while it will make no difference fifty years from today that a mother has attained the chairmanship of some society for

the purification of the local streets, or has led in the reform of local politics, it will make a tremendous difference both for her and the world whether or not she has trained the little bodies and the immortal souls which Almighty God has put in her care.

I have in mind certain "career mothers" now much in the public eye, and others who enjoyed similar fame twenty years ago. What is their "career" in comparison with the career of my old friend, Sister Antonia?

They talked and talk about child-culture, and I suppose some talk is inevitable. Even when it effects no reform, it affords the talkers, if not us, a measure of relief. I never heard Sister Antonia talk much about child-culture, certainly not about the multitudinous methods, that now perplex us, for training children. She simply trained them. She was a psychologist who, I think, had never opened a book on psychology. Her book was written by no human hand, was printed on no earthly press. She learned psychology from her own great compassionate heart, full of motherly love for those poor little waifs, very many of them children of career mothers who had found an escape in careers not commonly mentioned in polite society. (Perhaps in these irreverent days, however, they are mentioned.) Sister Antonia exemplified the truth that every good woman takes care of children; her own, or the children of some mother who will not or cannot live up to her maternal career.

It seems to me that often they are the greatest mothers to whom God never gave a child of their own. You find them in our parish schools, the Sisters who take upon themselves the duty of educating our little ones. You meet them, Sisters again, in our homes for orphans, and our refuges for foundlings. Then when time dims the eye and dulls the brain and makes us in a sense children again (with the weakness but not, alas, with the innocence of childhood) once more you find the Sisters caring for these senile youngsters in our homes for old people.

The Sisters in the contemplative cloisters? They do, perhaps, the most important work of all. By day and by night, they lift up sanctified hands to God to pray for those who never pray, to support by prayer their Sisters in the active Communities who must often leave God for God, when they turn from their cells or the quiet chapel to minister to the needs of some poor little sister or brother of the Babe at Bethlehem. It is one bond, and one work for God and for God's children.

One of these active Sisters was my old friend, Sister Antonia. But the sources of her energy she found in prayer and in loving contemplation of Our Lord Who went about doing good. Sister could see imperfections in all things human, perhaps more keenly than you or I, but I do not remember that she talked about them. She perceived what was good, and forgot about what was less good. All of us can pick out weaknesses (or what we consider such) but only a rare knowledge of human nature plus a profound knowledge of the science of the Saints can enable us to discern unerringly what is

good in man, and to develop it. Saint Ignatius tells us that those who labor for God's cause must find in devotion to prayer, to the Sacraments, to all things that make up the interior life, the inspiration that gives their work vitality and the strength that enables them to continue a life of unselfish consecration. Sister Antonia learned that lesson well early in her Religious life. She was intensely active, because she was intensely religious.

There was just one title which could win for you Sister's special consideration. You must be in need. You might need advice, or a meal, or a pair of shoes, or a place to sleep, or prayers. The kind of need was immaterial. Young women, once little girls in her kindergarten, came to her in their difficulties, and never left without new courage and deeper faith in God. Often the "boy friend" would be towed in for Sister's inspection and verdict. Chary of advice in these circumstances, this prudent woman frequently managed to facilitate suitable marriages, and to prevent those that would never be suitable. In due time, the babies of her babies would be brought in for their spiritual grandmother's outspoken admiration. It was all very human, yet I cannot help thinking that it was also all very pleasing to Our loving Saviour. Why keep what milk of human kindness we have bottled up until it turns sour?

One picture of my old friend will never leave me. On Christmas day perhaps some fifteen years ago, hospital work put off my visit to her and her little charges until late in the afternoon. Opening the door softly I glanced into the large kindergarten, and saw, standing near the gayly decorated Christmas tree, Sister Antonia. All day long she had entertained some fifty happy, noisy, sticky little children, and I caught a look of weariness, even of pain, in her expressive eyes. Then a baby toddled up and caught Sister's hand. In a moment a look of love and tenderness for this poor little waif banished the pain and the weariness, and as I came up the baby was in her arms, and she greeted me as though she had had nothing to do all the long day. Through love, tender, personal, human, yet supernatural, she daily made the sweet mystery of the Babe real to little children for whom no one cared in this great city—except God and His earthly helpers.

Four weeks ago, at about eight in the morning, my old friend sighed and went to sleep, never to awaken until God's Archangel summons all the children of men. Three days later the news reached me in a little town a thousand miles from New York. It was not unexpected, for I knew that the heart which had beat with love for God's little children during more than half a century, was growing fainter. I write now not so much to pay her tribute (the very idea would have amused this wise and witty woman) as to ask a prayer for the eternal repose of her dear soul.

The years pass on in their ineluctable march and soon, it may be, I shall follow her. When in the infinite mercy of God it is given me to seek her in our eternal home, I know just where to look for her in that city of many mansions. First she will

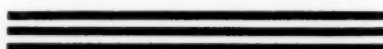
adore her Divine Master, then she will pay her respects to our Blessed Mother, and after that she will linger long in conversation with Saint Joseph. These homages duly absolved, she will take a place much akin to that which she occupied for so many years on Madison Avenue, in New York. If bemused by the glory all about me, I haply should forget, or miss the way, that sweet singer, Francis Thomp-

son, will direct me. It will not be near "the bearded counselors of God," nor where "the starry cohorts shake their shielded suns" that I shall look for her, but with Saint Peter at the gate, with all the Holy Innocents about him, I shall seek and find my old friend, Sister Antonia. For I know that her cherished place will forever be "in the nurseries of Heaven."

RUSSIA UNDER STALIN RULE BECOMES A STATE OF SLAVES

A brutal autocracy grinds down the masses

LAURENCE K. PATTERSON, S.J.



COMMON FRONT propaganda strives to depict Soviet Russia as the hope of humanity, the bulwark of world peace, and as a true popular democracy, where exploitation of man by man has ended. Earl Browder, Foster, Hathaway, Corliss Lamont, Louise Strong and all good Stalinites harmonize in this chorus; the *New Masses*, the *Daily Worker*, *Soviet Russia Today*, the *Moscow News*, abound in rosy pictures of the workers' millennium, a bright contrast to our decadent and brutal capitalist regime.

It is impossible to deny that Stalin and his followers have lessened illiteracy, stimulated production in certain lines, and granted social services to groups of workers. Despite this, the hard fact remains: Russia today is ruled by a ruthless dictatorship which violates the natural rights and fundamental liberties of man. The Russian masses enjoy neither religious nor political freedom. Red Tsardom is far more oppressive than the yoke of the Romanoffs.

Proofs are numerous and cogent. Though throttling has largely supplanted the violent liquidation of religion, the Soviet State remains militantly atheistic. School, press, theatre, screen are all under the control of Stalin and his tools. Private schools are banned in Russia. The vaunted new constitution grants no freedom for religious propaganda.

The constant purges and mass trials reveal the brutal terrorism of the Stalin regime. In 1921 there were twenty-one members on the Central Committee of the Communist party in Russia. Of these four have died a natural death; one, Tomskey, com-

mitted suicide while under arrest; three are at present under sentence of death; fifteen have been executed by the Stalin regime; Trotsky is in exile; and but four, including Stalin, still hold office. Of the inner circle, or "Big Six," who dominated Russia in 1921 Lenin died a natural death; Trotsky has been banished; Tomskey killed himself after his disgrace; Rykov is under sentence of death; while Tinoviev and Komenev have faced the firing squad. Truly the Revolution has devoured its children and history is but repeating itself.

Disillusioned Communists and former sympathizers with Bolshevism supply the most deadly indictment of the Stalin regime. André Gide visited Russia, filled with enthusiastic hope, in order to see the great experiment in action. His little book *Return from the U. S. S. R.* which appeared in 1936 reveals his disillusionment. "I doubt whether in any country today, even in Hitler's Germany, is the spirit less free, more curbed, affrighted and enslaved." Gide notes the universal and sycophantic cult of Stalin, the poor quality of industrial products, and the rigid control of life and action by a ruthless bureaucracy. He stresses the extraordinary ignorance of affairs in foreign countries prevalent in Soviet Russia, and emphasizes the return of class distinctions and social privileges that characterized the monarchy.

Is Russia a true democracy? W. J. Chamberlain is not, and never was, a Communist. He is an acute and unbiased American journalist, who resided in Russia for twelve years. In his recent book, *A False Utopia*, Mr. Chamberlain points out that in Russia there is no freedom of speech, no freedom of the

press, no freedom of assembly and no freedom of election. These are the foundation stones of democracy. In Russia, critics of Stalin and his rule are liable to summary arrest, imprisonment, exile or execution by the powerful O. G. P. U. Spies are a legion. The press is owned and operated by the State. Only one party can exist in Russia. Elections are a sham, held under the "one party system," and in the shadow of the O. G. P. U. Stalin's referenda are twin brothers of Nazi plebiscites. Yet American Communists, while denouncing and ridiculing Hitler, hail in Stalin a champion of democracy and a great liberator of the workers and under-privileged classes.

Fred E. Beal, an American radical, fled as a refugee to Russia fifteen years ago. He has now returned from the Soviet paradise a sadder and wiser man. In his book, *Word from Nowhere*, Beal declares that Stalin has set up in Russia a tyranny of shocking brutality. "I was crushed by a dogma more soulless than the walls of any penitentiary." Beal denounces the exploitation of children in factories and mills. Unemployment still exists, despite forced labor in mines, digging canals, and other hard tasks. He concluded: "Soviet Russia is the grandest fraud in history." This is a strong indictment of the so-called Soviet paradise.

Sir Walter Citrine is the General Secretary of the British T. U. C. (Trades Union Congress). He visited Russia in 1936 with an open mind; and thus describes some aspects of the Stalin regime: "The wholesale employment of speeding-up methods shocked me." "The absence of freedom of speech and press, the throwing of political opponents into concentration camps, the secret police, the censorship of public writings, the domination of education by adherents of the regime, these things shocked me." "I saw women digging drains, loading sand into wagons, swinging sledge hammers, and engaged in similar work." "I saw people living in hovels scarcely fit for animals." Sir Walter is an honest and able British labor leader who rose from the ranks.

Max Eastman, writing on the *End of Socialism in Russia* (Harper's, February, 1937), notes that in Russia wages and salaries vary quite as much as in the United States. Officials, engineers, directors of factories earn from eighty to one hundred times as much as unskilled laborers. Government bonds, paying seven per cent interest, form safe investments for members of the Soviet elite who are privileged to procure them.

Eugene Lyon's *Assignment in Utopia* hardly needs notice here. Lyons went to Russia full of enthusiasm for the "Great Socialist Society." Little by little hard experience shook and destroyed his confidence in Stalinism. "I had a sense of seeing a nation trapped." "The masses are under the heel of arbitrary power." "The peasants won their land only to lose it again." "They are serfs for the absentee landlords of the Kremlin." "At the top of this misery new privileged classes have emerged; an upstart aristocracy." "I left Russia convinced that man's greatest task is to defend the basic concepts of freedom and respect for life." "The Russian ex-

periment will be judged by how much freedom, justice, truth and human kindness it has brought into the world."

Manya Gordon contributes a brief, but most informative article to the April (1938) issue of *Foreign Affairs*, dealing with *Organized Labor Under the Soviets*. "Today the Soviet wage earner has no power whatever." Stalin has abolished the "triangle," or three cornered factory committee, consisting of the manager, the secretary of the Communist "cell" and the delegate of the labor union. "Now the factory manager exercises absolute power." "Soviet trade unions have no real resemblance to our labor organizations. Soviet Unions are merely a form of labor exchange, that is, a government employment bureau."

Despite the vaunted Labor Code, toilers are often sweated in Russia. In the factories of the Machine Trust "employees work from fourteen to sixteen hours a day . . . without pay for overtime." In the coal mines of the Don Basin the "six-hour day" is nullified. The night shift toils nine or ten hours. "Stakhanovism," which is really a rather brutal form of piecework and speed-up and speed-up technique, nullifies the official labor code.

Russian unions are mere puppet company unions, whose employer and master is the dictatorial Soviet. The Communist party dominates them, and the O. G. P. U. is ever alert to chastise and liquidate grumblers. Sanitation is often neglected in factories. In 1935 Stalin requested "self-criticism" concerning industrial conditions in Russia but soon silenced it. *Trud*, the organ of the Soviet unions, returned to its usual strain of fulsome eulogy of Stalin's *status quo*.

The Soviet worker must obey, otherwise he faces destitution, perhaps imprisonment and liquidation. Stalin has enslaved the workers in the name of the dictatorship of the proletariat. Norman Thomas has reason to say: "The crimes of the Russian totalitarian state under Stalin's monolithic party have hurt the labor movement and dimmed our hopes, as no enemy could have done."

Nearly all these witnesses come from the Left. The propagandists of the Common Front usually answer them by vehement epithets: "Fascist," "Trotskyite," "Tool of Hearst" and similar verbal jewels are ever on their lips. But the damning indictment stands. Russia today is a great slave state, ruled by a brutal autocrat and a powerful bureaucracy. Terrorism is the chief agent employed by the regime in enforcing its will upon the masses. Economic conditions, viewing Russia as a whole, show no improvement over those of 1914. The Russian Revolution has ended in tyranny far outstripping that of any Romanoff. Stalin is no democrat, no liberator of the masses, as he is commonly pictured for the consumption of American workers. He is a combination of Ivan the Terrible, Peter the Great and Machiavelli.

It behooves us to end the maladjustments and grievances which supply raw material to the Communist propagandist. We must strive to make the American system click with real efficiency in the economic sphere. Our slums, our share-croppers,

our millions of unemployed, our sweatshops are blots upon the wealthiest nation in the world. This article has not been meant to whitewash the grave abuses in present-day industrial, financial and agrarian conditions. Neither is it a defense of Fascism. Hitler at least does not assume a democratic mask. Our aim has been to supply some data con-

cerning the godless and brutal autocracy of the Red Tsar Stalin, so subtly masked by Earl Browder and his followers as true popular democracy. Look at Stalinism! Is it a form of democracy which is a model for twentieth-century Americanism? Do we desire the alliance of Soviet Russia in safeguarding collective security, even against Japan?

PITY THE POOR ORATOR WHO COUNSELS THE GRADUATES

Blame him not if he fails to solve their problems

THEOPHILUS THISTLE

PROMINENT ALUMNUS: A mutual friend on the faculty of our college has told me that you have been invited to deliver the Commencement Day Address this June. You have my sincere sympathy. There are, I suppose, more unenviable tasks, for instance being a tiger trainer in the circus or a vaudeville knife thrower's assistant. Of course, these are only physical dangers and a man can conquer such fears.

But, to speak to a group of collegians about to enter "the maelstrom of muddle" (the phrase was used by the orator of last year) is enough to appall the bravest of men. When speakers can be persuaded to lend their voices to such an occasion they usually take refuge in mild pleasantries or in poorly disguised condolences that the erstwhile seniors must, in this of all years, enter "the battle of life." Pollyanna or Jeremias seem to be the two chief sources of inspiration for the Commencement Day Address. Knowing your standing in the community and your reputation for intellectual honesty, you will, I am sure, studiously avoid both of these themes.

It occurs to me that my attendance at several recent graduations may make me of some help to you in the selection of the material for your speech. At any rate, you cannot deny that I have a genuine interest in what you will say. I am one of those to whom you will refer as "My Dear Members of the Graduating Class."

To be frank—why should I not be frank with one who is going to give me advice—I have hesitated to address you. For some reason or other, the college man is generally considered a bumptious, self-opinionated individual, impatient of restraint or guid-

ance. Perhaps it is a common mistake of older people to mistake ardor for arrogance. Fearing that you might make the same mistake when you read this, I hesitated.

But the honor of addressing the new graduates is such an unusual opportunity and my sense of its importance is so keen that my feeling of diffidence was finally overcome. For we who are about to graduate are greatly concerned with what you have to say. Never again shall we be in the same position; for us the same scene can never be repeated in exactly the same fashion. On that day, our training finished, we listen to a tried warrior, in your person, bring us a "report on the condition of the world."

At present we know that the world has seemingly gone mad; that tens of millions are starving though God has blessed us with great natural abundance. We hear talk, endless talk—with little point. We see social and governmental upheavals and discover that the sanctity and efficiency of democracy is pretty dubious. It was said that universal education would bring moral enlightenment; but in a day of wide popular knowledge we see mass liquidation in Russia, insanity in Germany, savagery in Spain. In business, common honesty is considered too expensive a luxury to be indulged in excessively. In the courts perjury is daily suborned, according to the complaints of the leaders of the bar. That quaint euphemism "recession" is frightfully close to us with relatives out of work and jobs, after we leave school, a problem of no mean proportions. Despite family sacrifices that have kept us at college, we have seen worried looks and economies made half apologetically. We have seen our fathers puzzled

and worried. To you we look for an interpretation of the significance of all these things which presently face us.

We expect you who have been fighting the good fight to bring us word of the battle, to tell us something of the conditions we are to combat and the weapons we are to use. It will be no surprise to us to hear that conditions are nearly desperate and that the advance is slow. You misjudge us badly if you think we are to be discouraged so easily.

Is it not close to platitudinizing to announce that in the general anarchy of our times moral standards have almost disappeared? The press, the motion pictures, the current books all offer adequate evidence on that point. Similar conditions in Athens over two thousand years ago, Aristophanes described by the phrase: "Whirl is King having overthrown Zeus." Truly today is the reign of Whirl and the hour of the mad Caesars. The religions which have not the protection of the Rock have degenerated into sentimental emotionalism and a fatuous "living by one's lights"—frequently pretty murky "lights."

Your wider experience will have convinced you no doubt of the impossibility of any form of Humanism to serve as a sanction in the midst of this chaos. It is not rooted deep enough; it does not reach high enough. Much of this we surmise. We, even we, have seen the brutalizing cruelties, the sordid compromises, the vicious opportunism rampant. Well, we are not dispirited. "In a day of flying loves and fading lusts," we offer you an unashamed freshness and enthusiasm of outlook. We bring you sincerity and zeal. And we ask what we can do to help re-establish rule and order out of anarchy.

Upon surveying the political field, you, as we, must be struck by the justness of Walter Lippman's comment: "It seems likely that if only there were enough voters who wanted it, Republican and Democratic principles could be accommodated locally to polygamy, foot-binding and voodooism. The rule is simply this: anything which helps you carry your State is an immortal principle sanctioned by Abraham Lincoln or Thomas Jefferson." Yet it would be unsatisfying (nor would it solve the problem) if you were to term politics "a dirty game," unworthy of the young graduate's attention. The political plundering and blundering, in which even those of our own Faith have had their part, must cease. We shall be anxious to learn what you suggest that we do about it.

Of course, it is inevitable that the financial situation will be in everyone's mind on Graduation Day. For many of us the joyousness of the occasion will be tempered by the realization of the already vast army of the unemployed which can ill stand new additions. Still, there is always the C.C.C. and, at worst, Dad can console himself with the thought that the Pride of the Family can now find time to fix the leaking drain pipe.

Do you not think, however, that there is more for us to be doing than fixing drain pipes—salutary though such a display of industriousness may be? We know that, despite the protestations of the eco-

nomic cheer-leaders, the present crisis is not another periodic depression. It is not a pause (inconvenient but necessary) in our advance out of the debacle of '32. Basic problems remain unsolved; new ones seem to have arisen. The grimy pessimism of Spengler has but emphasized for us the precariousness of the situation. Should you tell us that civilization is virtually at the cross-roads, you may count on our earnest readiness, even eagerness, to do our part.

Being yourself an alumnus of our college you are aware of the sound, basic pattern of meanings and truths a Catholic philosophy has provided us. You appreciate (you have said it often) the power of principle and order that is a Catholic education; and you are, I think, confident that we shall be able to follow you in your analyses and suggestions. You realize that if State Socialism is urged as the only solution for a mechanized civilization, that we can propose Distributism. You know that the saving radicalism of the Papal encyclicals on social conditions have been presented to us in school and interpreted for us in AMERICA and elsewhere. We know the fundamental causes of the present distress: injustice and greed, economic despotism and buccaneering, thievery and stupidity. We earnestly want to help establish the Peace of Christ and the Kingdom of God on Earth. How shall we go about it?

Of Catholic Action which the Holy Father has called "nothing else but the apostleship of the faithful who, under the leadership of the bishops, lend a helping hand to the Church and in a measure complete its pastoral ministry," we are the eager recruits. We have read the words of Pope Leo XIII: "Cooperation on the part of the laity has seemed so good to the Fathers of the Vatican Council that they thought well to invite it . . . in propagating Christian truth and warding off errors, the zeal of the laity should as far as possible be brought actively into play." We offer ourselves wholeheartedly for such work. We care not how great the odds may be. We bring you a fresh enthusiasm, a seriousness of purpose and a promise not to falter. To you, Mr. Prominent Alumnus, we look for counsel and direction.

Doubtless you have heard even more often than we the incontrovertible assertion that the application of Christian principles alone holds the key to the solution of the world's ills. Well, we are not so blandly stupid or so cowardly indifferent as to consider our philosophy mere speculation. We are prepared and ready to serve. And it cannot be said that there is no work for us. Where and how, then, can we be of use? We shall be anxious to have you answer that question in your address.

One last word before I see you at the Graduation Exercises. It might be well to remind us that the entire remedy for all the world's difficulties does not lie in our own ingenuity. Someone—was it one of the poets?—once said something about the efficacy of prayer.

And if you have read thus far you possibly have suspected what I am going to whisper to you (in confidence): What we need is encouragement.

MARTIN vs. FORD

ON the assumption, which we believe well founded, that the United Automobile Workers of America will be purged of the Communistic elements which have bored in, we welcome the vote of confidence which the Workers have given their president, Homer Martin. At the same time, it is regrettable that Mr. Martin seems to have found it necessary to remove Richard T. Frankenstein from his post as assistant to the president. Always ranked with the more conservative members of the Workers, Mr. Frankenstein recently found himself in an embarrassing situation when it was discovered that the radical members were supporting him and opposing president Martin. This fact may explain Mr. Martin's summary action, but we trust that the workers will not be deprived of the benefit of Mr. Frankenstein's counsel in carrying out the program which has been published at Detroit.

That program is ambitious. Any program may be so styled when it includes a determination to proceed with the unionization of the plants controlled by Henry Ford. We wish the workers well; at the same time, we invoke upon them a double share of wisdom and caution. Mr. Ford goes into the battle with youthful vigor unimpaired and with a wisdom augmented by the experience of more than three-score years and ten. He will neither ask for mercy, nor will he give it. If the unions can rout Mr. Ford, the old problem of the organization of the heavy industries is solved. Should they lose, the solution is deferred to the Greek Kalends.

One of the most effective weapons which the labor organization can have in its armory is mentioned in another item in the workers' program. Mr. Martin intends to impress upon organized labor "maximum responsibility in carrying out contracts with employers." This does not imply that the unions have, as a rule, played fast and loose with their contracts. We are disposed to award that badge of shame to employers. But it is unfortunately true that strikes in violation of signed contracts have marked the conduct of automobile workers in more instances than we care to remember. Many of these violations were caused, it is true, by strikes which the U. A. W. officials had not authorized. That they were occasioned not by bad faith on part of the union, but by leaders whom the union was not able to control, is known to observers of the automobile industry, but not to the general public. Since a bad impression remains, Mr. Martin is to be commended for his campaign to enforce fidelity to all contracts.

It is regrettable, as the London *Month* recently observed, that it has not been found possible either in England or in the United States to organize labor unions except "on a merely material basis." We recognize the difficulties of organization on a higher basis, and while we can tolerate the present union we can by no means accept it as wholly satisfactory. In the meantime, however, let us welcome and support every movement which teaches unions as well as employers the sanctity of the moral law.

EXPANDING BUREAUS

OUR Federal Commissioner of Education frankly admits that "there is bound to be some Federal control with appropriations" for the local schools, but he believes that the degree of control can be easily fixed by statute. Absolutely speaking, it can be fixed, but the practical question is: "Will it be fixed?" An unbroken experience, going back to the days of Thomas Jefferson, warns us that bureaus never relinquish, but always expand powers once assumed. As Vice-President Marshall used to say: "I have seen many a bureau in Washington grow into a parlor and bed-room set."

DARKNESS ON THE

THE break in diplomatic relations between Great Britain and Mexico does not directly affect the United States. Indirectly, it may affect us seriously. Great Britain can bide her time, but she always knows when the time for silence has ended, and the time for action begins. She is not accustomed to permit her nationals to be despoiled of their property without a vigorous and, usually, an effective protest. Nor is she wont to receive with eternal meekness such diplomatic affronts as were contained in Mexico's latest note.

We wish it could be said that this quarrel is none of our business. Our interference in the affairs of Mexico, to say nothing of the Monroe doctrine, makes that impossible. Since the fall of Diaz, our meddling in the affairs of Mexico has been intimate and persistent. All that any bandit had to do to gain the recognition, and sometimes the approval, of this Government, was to seize the army and proclaim himself in power. We have made Mexico largely what it is today, and our official opinion of the rogues who now misrule that unhappy country is at hand for all the world to read in the reports of the State Department, and in the public statements of our wholly impossible Ambassador to Mexico.

Today the Mexican Government apparently thinks that it can play fast and loose not only with the elemental principles of justice in dealing with its own people, but with the accepted principles of international law in its relations with foreign nations. This boldness is probably

MURDER-CULT

THEY will die; why not let them die at once? When there is no hope, why not hasten the end? The answer, found in every human heart, is externalized in the five little babies of no particular consequence who gasped and struggled in a Canadian farmhouse a few years ago. While the world waited and prayed, the physician, with the nurses, fought death day and night, and with few of the aids of modern science, beat him. In the fight of Dr. Daffoe, we find the answer to that rapidly-growing murder-cult, euthanasia. The true physician is a healer, not an executioner.

ON THE RIO GRANDE

based on a conviction that the United States, in pursuance of the "good-neighbor policy" will step in at the last moment to protect it from the consequences of its bad manners and its worse morals. If that is Mexico's conviction, then both Mexico and the American people who share the same conviction, are due for a rude awakening.

Student riots, and uprisings that are more serious, are not making the task of our State Department easier. We have always chosen the shortest way out, but the time is at hand when we shall be confronted with the novel duty of considering our relations with Mexico in the light of justice, truth and humanity. This Government has protested religious persecution, for instance, in distant parts of the world, but it has never lifted a finger to protest religious persecution at our very doors. On the contrary, it has upheld every successive junta in Mexico guilty of this shocking crime.

A policy based upon mere expediency, a policy which has never taken into consideration the political and religious rights of all the Mexican people, was bound to end in chaos. As Lincoln used to say, nothing is ever settled until it is settled *right*. Our policy with Mexico has not been to settle difficulties *right*, but to settle them temporarily. Should the Mexican break with Great Britain bring this truth home to our State Department, the prospect of real peace in Mexico, and of Mexico's friendship with other countries, now remote, will soon become a present reality.

FEDERAL RADIO CONTROL

ON an inner page, the metropolitan press last week carried a brief item which foreshadows one of the most serious difficulties which the country will soon be called upon to face. With the statement that a prominent official of the Federal Government would use the radio to discuss certain statements made by a political opponent, was coupled the concession that this opponent would be given an opportunity to reply over the same chain of stations. This grace was conceded, it would appear, only after the opponent in question had "requested" it.

Within a few years the radio will attain proportions now undreamed of. Television sets are now being sold to the public, and this device will soon be linked with radio transmission. The combination will afford an ideal method of communicating news, plans and political strategies to that surprisingly large proportion of our people who are beginning to rely upon the radio rather than upon the press for their information. What they read, they may doubt. What they hear, especially when they listen to the persuasive voice of a political office-holder, they are inclined to believe. It would follow that whosoever can control this combination of radio and television, and deny it to opponents, can control public opinion.

Constitutional inhibitions, State and Federal, make censorship of the press impossible. But it seems to be assumed in this country that these inhibitions do not apply to the radio. What is worse, under the law as it now stands, officials of the Federal Government can impose a censorship on this form of communicating thoughts and ideas paralleled only by the control of the press in Nazi Germany.

It may not be generally known that radio stations must apply to a Federal board twice yearly for renewal of their licenses. The members of this board appointed by the President are, it is claimed, responsible to the President, and can be removed by him. It is well known, however, that the average radio station is almost hysterically fearful of offending the board, or the Administration on which the board depends. Renewal of its license may be denied following an offense, or renewal may be deferred, with serious loss to the station. This condition necessarily imposes a certain restraint on the radio station. In this restraint is the germ of Federal control of a form of free speech which within a few years may be more general and more influential than a free press.

On more than one occasion we have drawn attention to this ominous possibility. On the same occasions we have suggested remedies. These will be found useful pending a decision of the Supreme Court which, sooner or later, will be called upon to rule.

No official of the Government should be given time over the radio, free of charge, unless equal time is given to an accredited representative of those citizens who do not agree with the Government. Immediately following the "official" address,

time should be allotted for the reply. Better still, perhaps, would be an Act of Congress to pay the costs of both addresses. The major political parties enjoy at least semi-official recognition by the Government, and a reply by the party criticized could be easily arranged. Details could be settled easily. The important point is recognition of the principle that the Federal Government should not be permitted to control the greater form of free speech made possible by the radio and television.

In the meantime, it would be a gracious and a patriotic act for every Federal official, when applying for time on the radio to request that time be set aside for an answer by a speaker to be chosen by his opponents. Is it too much to suppose that a Federal official can be both gracious and patriotic? But we would not rely too trustfully on this; the whole case should be investigated by Congress and, if necessary, an amendment to the Constitution should be submitted. When we demand a free press and allow the Federal Government to control the radio, we lose what may prove to be the more precious liberty.

HARLAN JUSTICE

TOUCHES of color were added by the metropolitan press in recording the opening of the Government's case against the mine-owners in Harlan County, Kentucky. One was the order of Judge Ford, directing that all persons suspected of carrying fire-arms be searched before entering the court. Others depicted the inhabitants of the Kentucky mountains as persons who differed little from the cartoonists' concept of the primitive cave-man. These touches are customary in all references to Harlan County, but a certain justification has been given by the course of events in Harlan County for the last few years.

The importance of the case now prosecuted by the Government transcends these touches. It has been asserted, and testimony before the La Follette Committee gives the assertion weight, that the owners have had no scruples in using violence to prevent the miners from joining labor unions of their choice. So far as we know, this testimony has never been refuted. The owners will now have their day in court, and it would be improper to offer at this time an opinion as to the worth of their defense. The Government is not relying on the Wagner Act alone, but chiefly on a Federal statute enacted seventy years ago to protect the Negro against the Ku Klux Klan. Under this law guilty parties can be punished by fine and imprisonment.

One happy result of the Senate investigation is a law recently adopted by Kentucky, forbidding the practise of appointing deputy sheriffs controlled by and paid by the mine-owners. In Kentucky, as in other States, this iniquitous method of "law-enforcement" has led to untold cases of cruelty, oppression, and even murder. We hope that the proceedings in this case will stir all State legislatures to enact suitable legislation for the protection of wage-earners.

THE CROSS

THERE is an old saying, "Be good and you will be happy," and this old saying is true. It means that when we consistently strive to exemplify in our lives the teachings of Our Lord Jesus Christ, we shall have peace of conscience, and that is the truest happiness we can enjoy in this life. But it does not mean that we shall be free from all afflictions of mind or body. It does not mean that we shall succeed in all that we undertake, that we shall amass comfortable bank accounts, and live our days in affluence and ease, honored and loved by all our fellow-citizens.

The belief, inherent in many false religions, that fidelity to Jesus Christ is the best method of insuring worldly prosperity, is a total misapprehension of the teachings of Our Lord. In many places in the Gospel, Our Lord teaches that all who follow Him must walk on the way of the cross to Calvary. Tomorrow's Gospel (Saint John, xv, 26-27, xvi, 1-4) repeats this doctrine.

Our Lord tells the disciples of the coming of the Paraclete Who is to give testimony of Him, and admonishes them that they, too, must give testimony of Him by their preaching of the Gospel, and by their lives. Then, that "you may not be scandalized," He warns them of the treatment to be meted out to them. Not only will they be put out of the synagogue, "but the hour cometh that whoever killeth you will think that he doth a service to God." At this time, and even until the coming of the Holy Ghost, the belief was current among Our Lord's disciples that they had been chosen to aid Him in founding an earthly kingdom. Hence it was necessary for Our Lord to disabuse them of this delusion, and to prepare them for suffering "that when the hour shall come, you may remember that I told you."

In the sense that we do not fully understand why God permits it, suffering is a mystery. Even deeper as a mystery is the suffering which Almighty God allows wicked men to inflict upon His servants. But while suffering is a mystery, there is much about it that we can understand and, as we grow in spirituality, value and desire.

Through suffering, we can make atonement for our sins. Through suffering, our hearts are purified. Through suffering, we can discern the false values of this world, and look upon and relish the things of God. Suffering detaches our hearts from worldly affections, and makes it easier for us to give them wholly to God. Hence the Saints rejoiced in suffering, adversity and worldly failure. They even asked Our Lord to make them worthy of suffering greater things, and death itself, for Him.

We lack the clear vision of the Saints. We are strangers to their courage and greatness of soul. If we dare not beg Our Lord for suffering, as they did, we can ask for strength to bear it with patience. When we have no cross, we have reason to fear. Without the cross, how can we be like Christ? Unless we follow Him to Calvary, and there die with Him, what is our hope of a glorious resurrection and eternal happiness?

CHRONICLE

THE ADMINISTRATION. President Roosevelt signed the bill making Armistice Day a national legal holiday. . . . Third-party leader, Senator La Follette, was taken on a week-end cruise by the President. . . . Mr. Roosevelt was reported as insisting on revival of the Reorganization Bill while Congressional leaders were attempting to dissuade him. . . . The President expressed concern "over the large number of statistical reports which Federal agencies are requiring from business and industry," called for an investigation. . . . The billion-dollar navy expansion measure became law with the President's signature. . . . Into Pennsylvania's bitter Democratic factional warfare stepped Postmaster General Farley with the plea that primary voters split their tickets; nominate for Governor Thomas Kennedy, sponsored by the John L. Lewis-Guffey faction; and for Senator, Governor Earle, backed by the regular Democratic State Committee. His last-minute interference brought a storm of protest from both factions. Reports circulated that the Administration was attempting to save the Lewis candidate as the result of a deal involving C. I. O. support for Senator Barkley in Kentucky. Pennsylvania's Democratic voters spurned the Farley plea, defeated the entire C. I. O. slate, including Kennedy. Following C. I. O. electoral defeats in Seattle and Detroit, the Pennsylvania rout was considered a death-blow to the John L. Lewis political prestige. In the Republican primary, Arthur H. James defeated Gifford Pinchot for the Gubernatorial nomination, while Senator James J. Davis clinched renomination for the Senate. Republican ballots outnumbered Democratic. Successful Candidate James ran as an anti-New-Dealer. This fact, coupled with the rejection of the Administration's plea by the Democratic voters, was viewed as an offset to the Roosevelt victory in the Florida primary.

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THE CONGRESS. The Administration shifted its attitude regarding removal of the arms embargo on munitions for Spain. Lifting of the embargo, even though it were done for both Spanish regimes, would, it was thought, risk the danger of involvement in a "dangerous European situation." Following receipt of a letter from Secretary Hull to this effect, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee shelved indefinitely by a vote of 17 to 1 the Nye embargo-lifting resolution. . . . The Congressional Committee appointed to investigate the Tennessee Valley Authority voted to give Arthur E. Morgan, deposed as TVA Chairman by the President, access to all TVA files and records, to aid him in preparing his case. Harcourt Morgan, new Chairman, had denied this access. . . . The Senate voted a bill legalizing wire-tapping by Federal law-enforcement

agencies. . . . The McCarran Bill, establishing a Civil Aeronautics Authority to possess jurisdiction over aviation somewhat similar to that of the Interstate Commerce Commission over railroads, was passed by the Senate. Previous to passage of the Bill the Senate voted an amendment removing all restrictions from the President's power of dismissing officials of the new Authority. Opposing this amendment, Senator McCarran said: ". . . The question here is whether the great aviation industry shall be controlled by a political agency or by an independent agency." . . . The House passed a measure proposed by Representative Lea which sets up an Air Authority but restricts the power of the President in removing Authority officials. . . . The plan to build a Government-owned and operated radio station for broadcasting "good-will" messages to South America was shelved by the House Naval Affairs Committee. . . . Announcing he intended to spend the rest of the session at home, Senator Glass declared: "I don't consider that the Senate could fail to pass anything that's bad. . . . We should have gone home long ago. The country would have been a lot better off."

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WASHINGTON. Approximately 2,800,000 are on WPA rolls, 10,000,000 to 12,500,000 are unemployed, 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 have lost their jobs in the present depression, according to WPA chief, Harry L. Hopkins. . . . There are 20,100,000 persons on relief rolls. . . . The Department of Justice ordered an investigation to ascertain whether Mayor Hague's regime in Jersey City was violating Constitutional rights in the case of Socialist leader, Norman Thomas, and others. . . . A \$16,000,000 decrease in commercial, industrial and agricultural loans, a \$51,000,000 decrease in loans to brokers were reported by member banks of the Federal Reserve System in 101 cities. . . . The legality of the whole TVA program will be decided by the Supreme Court next Fall. . . . The Supreme Court upheld the National Labor Relations Board's course in commanding the Mackay Radio and Telegraph Company to reinstate five striking employees. A full and fair hearing was not denied in the Mackay case, the Court ruled. The high Court ordered the Third Circuit Court of Appeals to show cause why the Board should not be permitted to withdraw its order against the Republic Steel Corporation. The principle of the undistributed profits tax was also upheld by the Supreme Court.

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AT HOME. The 1938 Official Catholic Directory puts the number of Catholics in the United States, Hawaii and Alaska, at 21,451,460; an increase of 492,326 over 1937, 1,762,411 over 1928 and 4,035,-

157 over 1918. . . . Cloyd Peart Clevenger, a commercial pilot, was arraigned before United States Commissioner Cotter in New York, charged with attempting to ship planes to Spain, via Mexico, in violation of the neutrality law. In Texas nine pilots were being sought as airplane smugglers. . . . London, Kentucky saw sixty-nine defendants from "bloody" Harlan County go on trial charged with employing kidnaping, arson, murder to prevent miners from joining independent labor unions. Persons entering the court were searched for weapons. An old statute of reconstruction days, 1870, was invoked by the Government in order to bring the accused to trial. The trial will determine whether criminal prosecution can be employed to enforce the Wagner Labor Relations Act. . . . Mrs. Julia Cantacuzene, of Washington, granddaughter of President Grant, declared she heard "on good authority" that an Executive order has given immigration authorities permission to let down the bars for refugees. She added: "Under these lax regulations, many Communists are coming to this country to join the ranks of those who hate our institutions and want to overthrow them."

GREAT BRITAIN. The shipment of \$12,500,000 English gold to Canada aroused speculation as to whether Britain was creating a financial war reserve in that Dominion. . . . A Scotch woman, widow of a German, was sentenced to four years in Edinburgh as a member of a German spy ring. . . . Konrad Henlein, leader of Sudeten Germans in Czechoslovakia visited London, held conversations concerning the Czechoslovakian situation with both friends and foes of Germany. Winston Churchill, one of those interviewed, declared later that the prospects for a settlement between the Czechoslovak Government and the Sudeten Germans are "far better than I had expected." . . . Because of the "not very friendly attitude of the British Government toward the Mexican Government," Mexico broke off diplomatic relations with Great Britain, recalled its Minister from London. The British envoy was withdrawn from Mexico City. The rupture was occasioned by Mexico's seizure of British-owned oil properties.

SPAIN. In the Teruel sector, Nationalist columns pushed on toward the Mora de Rubielos road. Near the coast, other Franco brigades cut the highway between Albocacer and Villar de Canes. . . . The entire Teruel-Albocacer highway was occupied by Nationalist troops. . . . During 1937 Franco Spain's exports amounted to approximately \$90,000,000. Exports from the whole of Spain before the war totaled only \$115,000,000. . . . Nationalist headquarters announced that more than 90,000 Loyalist soldiers were captured up to April 27. This number did not include Loyalists who passed over voluntarily to the Nationalist lines. Since April 27, many additional prisoners have been taken, one day alone seeing 2,000 captured, the announcement added. . . . Formal Vatican recognition of the

Franco Government came in the exchange of envoys. Msgr. Gaetano Cicognani was appointed Vatican representative at Salamanca.

CHINA-JAPAN. Through Southern Shantung Province, Anhwei, Kiangsu and Honan, Chinese and Japanese soldiers shot it out for control of the Tientsin-Pukow Railroad, the Lung-Hai Railroad, the city of Suchow, China's Provinces from Chekiang to the Great Wall. Chinese morale was reported higher than at any time since the Japanese invasion began. In some spots, Chinese, armed only with hand grenades, attacked Japanese tanks.

ITALY-FRANCE. In what was manifestly a reply to United States Secretary of War Woodruff's attack, Premier Mussolini, speaking in Genoa, declared: "It may, perhaps, be rejected that the so-called democracies are truly preparing for a war of doctrine. In any case, it is well that it should be known that in such an event the totalitarian States will immediately form a bloc and will march together to the end." . . . In the same speech, he said with reference to the negotiations for an agreement with France: ". . . I do not know whether they will reach a conclusion for the reason, among others, that in a matter of great immediate importance, namely, the Spanish civil war, we are on opposite sides of the barricades. France desires the victory of Barcelona and we desire and will the victory of Franco." . . . Russia's pressure on France to continue the flow of supplies to Loyalist Spain menaced the Franco-Italian conversations. Knowledge of this pressure led to the Mussolini statement concerning France, reports indicated. . . . A 5,000,000-franc loan for national defense was oversubscribed in France.

FOOTNOTES. In Berlin, National Church movement leaders campaigned for the destruction of Catholicism and Protestantism, the union of all Germans in one national church. . . . The Reich press was bitter over Brazilian President Vargas' intimation that "exotic doctrines" were behind the Integralist revolt, declared the Reich will not be a willing scapegoat for Brazilian domestic difficulties. . . . Charging General Saturnino Cedillo, Governor of San Luis Potosi with "rebellious activities," President Cárdenas poured Mexican troops into Cedillo's State. . . . Sweden legalized abortion for many reasons not previously allowed. . . . The *Osservatore Romano*, semi-official Vatican organ, protested against the campaign of falsehoods about the Catholic Church printed by the German press. . . . Hungary and Belgium set up new Cabinets. Paul Spaak became Belgium's new Socialist Premier. . . . Dominican Republican voters elected Dr. Jacinto B. Peynado President, choice of retiring President Trujillo. . . . The League of Nations rebuffed the request of Julio del Vayo, representative of Red Spain, that it consider ending the non-intervention policy.

CORRESPONDENCE

S.O.S.

EDITOR: The Marquette League for Catholic Indian Missions makes its appeal this Spring in behalf of Most Rev. Joseph R. Crimont, S.J., D.D., Bishop of Alaska. The venerable Bishop, now over eighty years of age, pleads for a new convent for his native Eskimo Sisters:

They started as a little band of pious girls eager to make a life career of missionary service and personal perfection among the people of their own race. They have already done magnificent work in several Missions and villages. But what of their quarters? At first, the little community was huddled up, so to speak, under the damp, cold and bare roof of the Church. No wonder some contracted diseases, and three of them died. Later on, to remedy the evil, Father Fox placed them in the "shack" rectory in which his predecessor and himself lived for a few years. The floor space is so narrow that the beds are superposed along the walls after the fashion of berths in the stateroom of a ship. The most urgent and crying need is to provide quarters for the Sisters. They number eight at present. It is impossible to admit more postulants for lack of space; and a proper building should be provided for this much promising community.

We would like to send saintly Bishop Crimont a substantial amount with which to build a suitable dwelling place for the native Sisters who are laboring so tirelessly, and under such great odds, in the hardest mission field in the world.

New York, N. Y. REV. BERNARD A. CULLEN,
Director General

OOPS, SORRY

EDITOR: Better leave the drama to Miss Jordan. She would not have had John Drew and Mrs. Fiske in *The Circle*, but Drew and Mrs. Leslie Carter. Mrs. Fiske never appeared in it. So you did not score a beat after all.

You are right about the play's qualities, however.
Detroit, Mich. READER

LITHUANIAN LAMENT

EDITOR: It grieves me that well-known representatives of the Catholic press are not able to interpret the Lithuanian-Polish situation correctly. They overlook one recent historical fact.

Lithuania and Poland on October 7, 1920 (two days before the free-lancing General Zeligowski took over Vilna), had signed a non-aggression pact and a territorial agreement. Both nations accepted the Curzon Line as a suitable dividing line. Still, Poland would not do the right thing when General Zeligowski, acting against orders from Warsaw, captured the Vilna province. The temptation was

too great, and Poland has again lived up to tradition in its relations with Lithuania.

Lithuania's claim to Vilna does not go back to 1920 but is rooted in centuries of possession and history. Lithuanians cannot imagine how the capital of their nation could be other than Vilna.

Lastly, the state of war existed between Lithuania and Poland for eighteen years, but it was not until the Poles were assured the support of Germany that they began pressing their cause. Germany has been trying to lay its hands on Memel for many years and would not refuse Memel in payment for services rendered.

Hinsdale, Ill.

P. P. CINIČAS, M.I.C.

"SORDID TRAFFICKERS"

EDITOR: As further munition for your courageous and long-standing fight against the illegal and widespread use of contraceptives, I refer you to the recent case of Lanteen Laboratories vs Clark, decided on March 11, 1938, by the Appellate Court of Illinois.

In this case the plaintiff corporation as manufacturers of contraceptives sought the aid of a court of equity in attempting to restrain one of its employes from competing with it and from evading the terms of a written contract calling for the exclusive use by the plaintiff of any patents issued to the defendant covering the manufacture of contraceptives.

The Court, in rendering its decision, said:

Both parties to this suit are engaged in the sale of contraceptives, and the question as to whether or not the contract was against public policy was not raised nor suggested in the trial court nor here, but as we are of the opinion that the contract is tainted with illegality, we will, *sua sponte*, raise that question, for if we ignored it, it might be reasonably assumed that we considered the contract a legal one. The bold position assumed by plaintiff in this court challenges our attention.

The Court then goes on to point out the illegality of manufacturing and selling such articles, and in concluding says: "A very anomalous proceeding was presented in the instant case when equity opened its door to settle the dispute between these sordid traffickers in contraceptives. But as the trial court dismissed plaintiff's bill, the decree will be affirmed."

While this case was purely a civil matter, the decision shows a growing awareness by courts and public officials of the scandalous lack of enforcement of the State and Federal statutes dealing with the sale and manufacture of contraceptives.

A full reading of this decision is to be recommended before comments are made.

Elgin, Ill.

JOSEPH J. WIEDEMANN

LITERATURE AND ARTS

A GUIDE AND KEY TO SUCCESS IN LITERATURE

J. C. E. HOPKINS

A WORK such as the present one derives of necessity from many sources. The pages of contemporary books, reviews, magazines and newspapers have been levied upon for material, and such similar manuals as have been published in the past have been examined and their precepts brought up to date. At this time of year, when school and college commencements have turned out their legions of instructed youth in search of professions, those who have the interest of young people at heart must be concerned at the gradual narrowing of the fields wherein their charges may labor and prosper and will therefore welcome this simple statement of the rewards and qualifications of the literary life. This treatise aims to be at once an inspirational tract and a practical guide.

The author is largely indebted to the similar manuals of Doctor Swift, Doctor W. H. Mallock, Doctor Andrew Lang and Doctor H. Belloc, each adequate and valuable in its own day but now hopelessly out of date. He is aware that several of the above gentlemen do or did not possess the doctoral degree appended to their names. However, in America, the title is indispensable for anyone who professes to instruct or advise; hence, in view of the value of the suggestions derived from these gentlemen's works, the author trusts that you will pardon the innocent deception.

As this is an age of revision, the present author hopes that he will not be thought presumptuous in his revision of the literary maxims of the past. Government is revised, the Constitution is revised, women revise their faces, Doctor Hitler has revised the Versailles treaty. In the field of literature, to quote but one example, Doctor Dale Carnegie has revised the "Young Elocutionist," so celebrated in the late seventies and eighties, to suit present-day, streamlined standards of public school education, with what profit to thousands and to himself no man need be ignorant.

Today, therefore, literature presents most tempting and rewarding opportunities to the young and ambitious. In the past, unfortunately, a mysterious and hierophantic air was cast about the literary craft which it is the purpose of this treatise to dis-

pel. The old idea that a certain preliminary talent or aptitude is required was a wholly spurious one, devised by literary men in a selfish attempt to keep the province to themselves.

Our ancestors were of the opinion that literature connoted poetry, fiction and the essay, light or heavy as the author preferred. This is no longer true. Literature now rightly comprehends advertising copy-writing, the authorship of true confessions, pornography, the writing of speeches to order for delivery by great men, pithy obituary notices for the morgues of newspapers, and the composition of leftist political propaganda. These are all literature and the men who write in these modes are literary men.

Do not be depressed if you feel that you have no talent for literature. Talent is not only unnecessary but it might be said to constitute a real drawback, inasmuch as talent usually links up with a sense of criticism and taste. Do not be discouraged if you cannot write intelligible English. Very few of our most successful literary men can. It is no longer required, for the mingling of races and accents in what has been called the "great melting-pot of America" has produced a hybrid type of speech and style which is now standard.

One of the commonest forms of literary endeavor and one that receives ample critical recognition from the Sunday supplements is the novel. This form was designed originally for the purpose of telling a story at considerable length and as such was a difficult business, requiring considerable preoccupation with plot, character development and coherence. Happily, it is now very much simplified, and the novice may undertake a novel without any or all of the former requisites, secure in the knowledge that he will get a favorable press. The novel of today in America deals with one of three subjects: (a) confession of personal fault or inadequacy in the face of life; (b) glorification of the author's sexual vigor; (c) Marxian propaganda thinly disguised as a story.

It is no longer possible to write a novel about fictitious characters. You must be your own hero and the minor characters must be carefully limned

from among the ladies and gentlemen of your acquaintance. The method whereby you deal with your choice of the above three subjects may be that of Mr. Hemingway who heads the hairy-chest-and-four-letter-word school or that of Mr. Faulkner who heads the queer-doings-in-the-deep-South school. Both are very effective. It may be of some assistance to you, if your experience be not wide, to procure a textbook of moral theology and look up a series of exotic sins for your characters to commit. The method used by Mr. James T. Farrell requires the possession of an inferiority complex, an unhappy boyhood and a strong stomach. If you lack any of these, you cannot hope to succeed as Mr. Farrell has. The Marxian propaganda school requires for prior equipment a slight knowledge of Karl Marx's identity and a total ignorance of logic and history.

The field of poetry is second on our list, but it is not one that the author can recommend unless the novice feels that he can attempt no other with hope of success. There are two very cogent reasons for this opinion: (a) though poetry is very easy to publish, the return is very small; (b) you can never hope to sell a poem to Hollywood. Now since it is the ambition of every literary man to sell his work to Hollywood, the latter reason will be seen to possess great weight.

In advising the novice on the subject of the drama and the short-story, only one thing need be said. Both of these media are sure-fire propositions for the moving-pictures. The ambitious literary man, who can see as far into a millstone as the next man, will get my meaning at once. As for technique and method, what has been said previously of the novel applies equally to the short story and the drama, with this reservation. Marxist propaganda goes better on the stage. The changes may be rung endlessly on the theme of the noble-hearted, young proletarian who strives against the evil forces of capital like some hero of Nordic myth, passing eventually to the Communist Valhalla.

The short story, on the other hand, does not attempt novelty. There is one simple rule; work out a careful formula for your story wherein a boy meets a girl under 800 words, trouble ensues for no more than 4,000 words, and the right triumphs in 1,200 words. If the novice works out his formula very carefully, it is a comparatively simple matter to adapt new characters and locations whenever you wish to write a short story.

In editorial writing, only one thing is required. That is the ability to avoid taking sides. A new tradition has been built up in American journalism, to wit, the editorial writer is a Jovian sort of fellow who looks down on the sufferings of humanity with an innocent curiosity, but deigns only occasionally to do more than reduce the news story on page one to abstract terms. This is known as fence-sitting and is standard practice for New York newspapers.

A popular and remunerative field, recently enlivened after a long, dormant period, is foreign correspondence. This can be followed either in peace or in war, but the returns of a tangible kind

are much greater in the latter instance. The first essential in taking up a post as foreign correspondent is to ascertain in advance which faction in the country to which you propose to go is prepared to make the best offer for preferential treatment in the news. Emphatically, this is not propaganda, neither is it, as some persons unkindly say, selling oneself out. It is merely applying legitimate, business methods to a profession.

The reader might think that the richness of opportunity displayed in the preceding fields of literature were enough; but there are other fields. Book-reviewing, or the passage of judgment on new publications as they appear, was formerly known as criticism. It can hardly be recommended for full-time employment as the returns, though better than those from poetry, are by no means adequate. Book-reviewing is, however, an admirable entry into literature and a good source of introduction to editors, publishers and influential people.

A fine, cordial, full-page review may establish a man and draw large accretions in advertising revenue to the publication for which he writes. When this field of literature was known as criticism, many years ago, there was a good deal of ill-nature connected with it; authors and publishers were disappointed by the tone taken with respect to their products and there was a general feeling of dissatisfaction. Today, on the contrary, a careful editor selects the books he desires to publicize, entrusts them to a reliable reviewer, prints the result and everyone is satisfied.

Lecturing might not seem to be a strictly literary matter, but as an easy and remunerative by-product of literature it may well be treated here. Most Americans like to attend lectures. This fact was known to Emerson, Thackeray and Mark Twain and no one need be ashamed of venturing into the lecture field. Many American literary men had the absurd opinion that English literary men were the only ones permitted to lecture in America under the terms of the Treaty of Paris, September, 3, 1783; hence for many years the flood of English lecturers passed without remark. Now that we have discovered the fallacy of this opinion, our own literary people have virtually preëmpted the field. It is unnecessary to say that the would-be lecturer must have published at least a book of poetry before his or her name has lecturing value, although book-reviewers even have been known to lecture in a particularly busy season when most of the other hands were engaged.

Inasmuch as the fields of theology, historical writing and scientific research require special study and are not really literature in the broad sense, we omit any special treatment of them here. Popular scientific writing, the composition of treatises on scientific subjects for general consumption, is a well-paying field requiring little or no knowledge of the subject beyond what may be gained from an afternoon with any good Encyclopedia. It is universally admitted however, that this is the special province of high-school teachers of science, and, with the exception of Mr. H. G. Wells, no reputable literary man has ventured to invade it.

VINDICATION FOR POETS

"A weakling who writes verse."

Manuel Philosophique de l'homme Moyen Sensuel.

A weakling! who from rough
Immalleable stone
Spins silken shimmering stuff!
Bend to it brain and bone—
Soon will you cry "Enough!"

Or build from gleam and mist
Tall turrets, marble-strong,
Rose-gold and amethyst,
Ringing with magic song—
Test now your doughty wrist!

Show that you can transmute
Anguish to irony;
Bring from a baleful root
Brilliance and mystery
Loaded with flowers and fruit!

Where water never flowed
Draw fountains from the rock,
Light whence no radiance glowed—
Then win your right to mock
Those mighty ones who could!

Weaklings? The hunch-back Pope!
Heine upon his bed,
Skin hued like heliotrope!
All save their eyes are dead,
And wit and valliant hope.

I waive the paragons—
Hale Chaucer and Racine;
The Drydens, Tennysons
And Goethes who lived clean
Of scandal, sickness, duns.

But Villon was a scamp;
A shocking wencher, Burns;
Thompson, a homeless tramp.
Such reputation earns
Your pharisaic stamp!

I grant you that there were
Blots upon Ovid, Donne,
Catullus, Rochester.
Sappho was not a nun;
No monk was Baudelaire.

Shelley got weakly drowned;
The weakling Keats, he died;
And Byron's sins abound,
Though the poor poltroon tried
To save a Greece discrowned.

Then damned by drugs and drink
Were Coleridge and Poe.
And Mangan used to clink
The glass to his own woe—
They prove your point, you think?

Cowper and Clare—insane!
And Blake to all intents,
Since he saw God's face plain:
Take with my compliments
All these—and more again!

Yet, gloating on their faults,
Number their livid scars!
In them was that which salts
Earth and enkindles stars—
Courage that never halts.

They drained the bitter herb,
Offered their sensitive
Minds to the barb acerb;
Living they died, to give
Joy free of rein or curb.

Joy somehow plucked from grief,
Beauty from harshest pain,
Bread from the withered sheaf—
Only that they might gain
Brows crowned with laurel leaf.

Through Homer's golden calm
And Virgil's silvery pearl
And Shakespeare's jewelled charm
Pangs with the rapture swirl
To issue forth as balm.

Milton, bereft of sight,
Vanquished and old, yet bears,
Citied in dreadful night,
Valour like Lucifer's,
Ithuriel's spear of light.

Dante, to exile doomed,
Traversed the dolorous way,
Saw hell by fire engloomed,
Rose to the crystal day
Where heaven in vision bloomed.

Drained by the vast demand
On a too exquisite
Brain, a too fragile hand,
Others, attempting it,
Frayed slowly strand by strand.

Yet, breaking, fell these men
As on a battle-field:
They were as heroes when—
Pierced and with shattered shield—
Still flared their sword-stroke then.

All were Promethean
Bringers of sacred fire,
All have defied the ban
Of the Olympian ire
That they may succor man.

All had the eagles eat
Tearing at bleeding breast,
Yielded their hearts as meat
So that the world be blest
By a warmth strong and sweet.

Are then these weaklings who
Strove with the hostile skies
That love should reign anew
As dreamed their dazzling eyes?
Venture the challenge, you!

THEODORE MAYNARD

BOOKS

NOT EXACTLY AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL

GEORGIAN ADVENTURE. By Douglas Jerrold. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50

IT was a pleasant custom among the ancient Romans, whenever they went down to the docks to see their friends off on a personally conducted tour, as the gang-plank was being lifted to yell out something about sticking close to the American Express man—*Experto credite*. This is about the only point where Douglas Jerrold parts company with the ancient Romans. He distrusts the experts, despises the brass hats, and looks upon the brain-trusters as one of the greatest menaces to the advancement and liberty of the democratic peoples.

Now this adventure—for it is adventure rather than autobiography—does not begin exactly with acts of unbelief in the professors and efficiency moguls. That develops as the narrative unfolds. But it seems that at an early age Douglas Jerrold began to display the family characteristic of not only knowing his own mind, but of being able with directness and clarity to get off his mind whatever needed getting-off. As to that, he is the great-grandson of that Douglas Jerrold famed in English literature, friend of Thackeray and Dickens and the other distinguished giants who walked the earth in those days.

So it comes quite natural that Mr. Jerrold in these pages makes no attempt to disguise his anti-pacifism, his contempt for professional politicians, his dislike for imbibers of soft drinks, his scorn for dictators, and his unspeakable hatred for Red Communism. Educated at Westminster and New College, Oxford, Douglas Jerrold early began to follow the literary traditions of his family. There seems never to have been a time when he was not heads on with some kind of authority—though it is not to be inferred that he is by any means a rebel.

But it was evidently written of him that he should come in conflict with stuffed shirts. Came 1914 and the War. Of war he says: "It is only war as an instrument in the hands of politicians for implementing their policies which is iniquitous." And he considers the Great War as "a German politicians' war." He went into the Royal Naval Division Reserve, spent part of his service training in England, saw service (and brass hat futility) at Gallipoli, and then was sent to France, where he was wounded in action.

After the War he was associated with the British Ministry of Food and also the Treasury. Here he saw red tape at its stickiest, and completed his education in observing the limitless encroachments of bureaucracy. Then he went into the publishing business, of which he says he knew nothing, but of which he made a remarkable success.

However, all that is not the high spot in this autobiographical adventure. One of the near high spots is Mr. Jerrold's very honest and very honorable estimate of King Alfonso XIII—sometimes called ex-king, which he is not. But Douglas Jerrold touches the high spot in this book (and it is a book distinguished throughout not only by noble craftsmanship but by compelling sincerity) in his story of the Last Crusade. Here is the true story of the civil war in Spain, illuminated with his personal experience.

Every line of this closing chapter glows white-hot with burning indignation from the pen of Douglas Jerrold, when he recounts from his own personal inside knowledge how Spain was vilely betrayed by a Com-

munist plan for Red revolution. And, lest his narrative be thought partial (for he is a Catholic), Mr. Jerrold prints the secret documents in which the Communist uprising was planned. This is a marvelous book, not only to read, but to re-read. You owe it to yourself to know some of the things contained therein.

HENRY WATTS

A STUDY WITHOUT THE FINAL VERDICT

THE COLLAPSE OF THE CONFEDERACY. By Charles H. Wesley. Washington, D. C.: The Associated Publishers, Inc. \$2.15

WHY was the Confederacy unable to continue further its resistance in 1865? Is the customary explanation: lack of food, superior military and organization of the North, an adequate statement of the causes that led to its collapse? Or does the question of popular morale enter in, and reveal certain weaknesses in the Confederacy's inner structure which are not generally suspected? While all factors in this phenomenon are important, have the social factors been taken sufficiently into account?

Charles H. Wesley, professor of history at Howard University, has his answer to these questions, drawn partly from his earlier studies, partly from the wealth of published material recently made available. He concludes that leaving aside military defeats, the collapse of the South was due in part to a lack of resources, but more directly to the absence of a wholehearted and sustained resistance, of that complete renunciation of self and popular support of the Government's measures, without which no revolution has been successful.

He finds likewise that the Confederacy's championship of the outworn system of slavery was a powerful element in its downfall, a system contradicted by the proposal to arm Negroes for war. In this connection, he recalls a little-mentioned chapter in late Confederate history: the desperation-bred offers of the South to abandon slavery if a bargain could be struck with the European powers.

Professor Wesley's study is dispassionately written, in a spirit friendly to the idealism and heroic sacrifices of the South. Whatever be the final verdict passed upon it by historical scholarship, its thesis deserves the careful scrutiny of all interested in our nation's most crucial struggle. The work is thoroughly documented and enriched with an extensive bibliography. JOHN LAFARGE

MODERN TRENDS OF CAPITALISM AND DEMOCRACY

COMMUNISM, FASCISM OR DEMOCRACY? By Eduard Heimann. W. W. Norton and Co. \$2.50

THE AUTHOR, formerly of the University of Hamburg, now a member of the "University in Exile," thus states the objective of the book: "This book attempts to trace the development of capitalism and of Democracy in the modern world and to furnish criteria by which we may judge the proper direction that democratic movements should take" and how "the democratic ideal of peace through justice may be applied under changing conditions." While this makes clear enough his object, it is

well to remember that these two ideas are disparate, belong to different orders and hence place is given to a certain confusion or at least maladroitness in working out the solution.

The writer believes in historicism as an important factor in economics; hence historical factors and evolutions will substitute for truths and principles. There is a common failure to this, and indeed most such books, that the Christian Revealed Truth is allowed no consideration or motivation, not indeed as a premise to conclusion but as an order established by God, to preside over and influence all human activity in no matter what order. Its omission is a serious failure.

When the historicism of the book is assumed, one is brought face to face with a very interesting and scholarly account of the origins and evolutions of capitalism, whence an easy stage leads to the transformation into collectivism, in its two forms of Socialism and Communism. The third transformation is Fascism. "In respect to both the ideological and socio-political programs, Germany presents a more characteristic brand of Fascism than Italy." This is quite true, but one would have wished the author to give a more detailed and separate treatment of Italian Fascism, clarifying thereby much current confusion on the subject.

The inadequacy and weakness of the author's stand on the domain of the spiritual is shown when he conceives Fascism as the enemy of Humanism, and Humanism itself as the foundation of the Western World. What a much minor rôle Humanism, in any exact acceptance of the term, played is well known. So true is it that "you cannot eat your cake and have it," the author's attempts to fill up the gap left by the non-recognition of Revealed Truth are pitiful in the extreme, and the collaborators on whose inspiration he makes his case are of little real help.

How different it might have been if that democratic power had behind it the spiritual forces of a united universal Church, must occur to any serious observer. Luther unwittingly paved the way for Hitlerism. Assuredly your cause is woefully weakened if you have nothing beyond Humanism to oppose to a religion of race and a blood-cult. Truth and justice, even capitalized, are poor protectives against human pride and insanity. How poor and undernourished had been the spiritual side of Protestant life in Germany during the latter centuries has hardly escaped the author.

The defects of the book are chiefly those of inadequacy. Transcending the purely domestic democratic framework, it contains helpful lights and corrections for American readers. There are two striking things about it. Let not any timid reader be deterred by the German author. The book makes delightfully easy reading. The second thing, more striking, is that not a single Catholic writer is found quoted. So many pages and so much well said, on social and economic principles, and not a single reference to even the revolutionary pronouncements of Leo XIII and Pius XI.

WILLIAM J. BENN

WITH COMMUNIST SKILL BUT NO SYMPATHY FOR MARX

THE BIG CITY. By Robert Sinclair. Reynal and Hitchcock. \$3

HERE is a satire woven from statistics. Its indignation recalls Juvenal; in despair, and often in coarseness, it rivals Remarque. Though not intended as a "vehicle of opinion," the study is styled with stinging epigrams and withering epithets suggestive of a lost hope. The devil assigned to London is "more cocksure than a Jesuit." London's prosperity is a myth; her shopkeepers have not yet learned to keep shop. "The brothel of the Empire," she has her birth-control druggist, her pubs and tipsy sots, her mildewed beds in basement dwellings, her

great army of slum inhabitants prone to tuberculosis and rheumatism, fleas and flat feet. Decidedly, the author shows no sympathy for Marx or the Soviets; and yet, he has caught the skill of the Communist in focusing attention on evil and in painting pictures of crowded hovels and underfed children.

This is a powerful book. It proves a closeup knowledge; it is based on a lifetime of personal contact and observation, and is bolstered with a formidable array of official statistics. London has physical problems arising from her age and bulk. Underground she presents an uncharted tangle of forgotten pipes; traffic jams on her crooked streets are inevitable. Fog, sewage, water supply, flood control, roads and bridges are no mean problem in an ancient city grown to ten million people. Unemployment which creates the dole, beggars and high taxes, and a hopeless parody of government consisting of 355 rival bodies of legislators add almost the last straw to her burden.

Statistics are copious and simplified. One in every three Londoners dies in the poor house; one in every seven children has vermin; one death in every seventy-three is a suicide; one in every twenty babies is illegitimate; one in eight Londoners lives in the slums; 20,000 basement flats have been earmarked as unfit for occupation, while 50,000 immigrants annually flow into London from the provinces.

The author offers no solution. Perhaps it is because he does not believe in miracles. Indeed, his cynical references to the Sermon on the Mount and the Redemption reveal a strong materialistic slant. The answer is that the big city is the bi-product of a period. It will pass.

GEORGE T. EBERLE

BOOKS IN BRIEFER REVIEW

SAINT THOMAS AND THE GENTILES. THE AQUINAS LECTURES 1938. By Mortimer J. Adler. Milwaukee: Marquette University Press.

UNDER the auspices of the Aristotelian Society at Marquette University, the Aquinas Lecture has been given annually since 1933, the year of its inauguration, by George Mahowald, S.J. In 1937 J. F. McCormick, S.J. delivered the fifth in the series of lectures entitled *St. Thomas and the Life of Learning*. This lecture was also the first of the series to be printed. And now the Aristotelian Society continues its good work by presenting a very interesting and challenging lecture by Dr. Mortimer Adler of the University of Chicago.

Dr. Adler is too well known for the present reviewer to repeat what so many have justly said. But his Aquinas lecture is significant far beyond the compass of its modest size and should be read widely. It is a call to recognize that Thomism is living now in an alien and hostile world, and that it is the task of everyone who considers himself a disciple of Saint Thomas Aquinas to do for the twentieth century what the Angelical Doctor did for the thirteenth in his *Summa contra Gentiles*. Dr. Adler enumerates rapidly the chief features of a twentieth century *Contra Gentiles* that will be a monument to philosophy itself. Every genuine Thomist ought to accept his courageous challenge and to contribute to such a magnificent undertaking.

ANTON C. PEGIS

FAREWELL TO SPORT. By Paul Gallico. Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. \$2.75

FOR the past decade and a half, Paul Gallico has been an observer, a student, a critic, a promoter of sport. His comments, his intensity of interest, his intimacy with details, his stories, even his ghost-stories have won favor in and outside of the sporting fraternity. He had the feel and the sense of drama. He knew just when to pat the underdog, the apt moment for baiting a champion. As he himself observes in this sport-summary of the last

fifteen years, he fell upon good times and magnificent performers. He had the era of records and prodigies, he saw a parade of champions where Ruth, Dempsey, Tilden, Ederle, Owens, Grange and hosts of lesser lights marched in step to the stirring strains of ballyhoo that all the bands were playing.

He loved it all once. He seems to be nostalgic about much of it even yet. But the din and the swiftness killed something in his reportorial makeup, and he walks off the scene in this book of goodbye, cynical and ultradogmatic. We grant him his discriminating insight and his facile pen, we allow him to like or dislike as his sporting instinct guides him, but he has no call whatever to poison personal reputations. His rotten-to-the-core theory about games, managers and systems may be accurate down to its eleventh detail, but its proclamation helps nobody. Hurdling, pole-vaulting, the clean smack of a two-bagger retain all their value for the fan, however corrupt the various managements may be. Mr. Gallico would have left a better taste in our mouths, if he had stuck to his brilliant exposition of the player and the achievement, and kept his thesis to himself.

R. J. MCINNIS

NORWAY AND THE NOBEL PEACE PRIZE. By Oscar J. Falnes. Columbia University Press. \$3.50

SO much that is good and wholesome has come out of Scandinavia during the past decade that it is with genuine enthusiasm we approach Mr. Falnes' latest book. This volume is the fruit of painstaking research into the history of the peace movement in Norway during the last fifty years. Short biographies of the more prominent peace workers are included in the text and it is surprising to note what a large percentage of these men were teachers and writers. The phenomenal success of the Scandinavian efforts for peace has been due in great part to the effective education of public opinion.

The enormous amount of popular literature and peace propaganda employed to bring about the peace policies of the Norwegians is shown in the twenty page bibliography, most of which is in Scandinavian. With the author's broad statement that international law began with Grotius we do not precisely agree, inasmuch as the Dominican De Vitoria preceded Grotius in this field by a century. This fact may be substantiated by consulting *The Spanish Origin of International Law* by James Brown Scott of the Carnegie Peace Foundation. However, the book is written in a clear and pleasing style which is sure to interest the more zealous student of the peace movement.

JAMES L. FOLEY

ALLEN'S SYNONYMS AND ANTONYMS. By F. Sturges Allen. Harper and Brothers. \$3

A SYNONYMY dictionary is not a defining dictionary; but it is amazing how one word can pinch-hit for another, and the main function of this excellent book is to show how it can be done. Mr. T. H. Vail Motter has taken the original Allen book, edited, revised, enlarged it, and brought it up to date, and made a most convincing job of it. The idea of a work like this is that if you wish to call a spade by some more elegant name, you simply look up spade and discover all the different words that can be used to designate that humble instrument of husbandry. Crossword-puzzle fans will like this book, and writers for the press will find it conducive to a less restricted vocabulary.

RICHARD TURPIN

THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC WHO'S WHO. 1938 AND 1939. Walter Romig and Co. \$6.50

IT was a good day's work when the Romig Company resuscitated the *American Catholic Who's Who*, and this, the third biennial edition since the restoration, is brought up to date with the addition of a thousand new biographies. The biographical entries are comprehensive and informing; so informing that every public library ought to have at least one copy in its reference department. There is a vast deal in these pages that students are constantly on the lookout for, and the book is worthwhile to all educators.

HENRY WATTS

THEATRE

THE MAN FROM CAIRO. The new comedy adapted by Dan Goldberg from the French of Yvan-Noe and presented by Michael Todd at the Broadhurst Theatre, has two arresting features. The first is that it offers us some superb acting. The second is that it is the only anti-septic French comedy which has recently been produced in New York. In moral tone *Snow White* seems scarlet beside it. This is gratifying; and the leading role is a really charming one, simple, human and appealing and played by Joseph Buloff with delicacy and polish.

The story also is appealing. Istvan, *The Man From Cairo*, is a simple government clerk in Budapest, married for fifteen years to a wife who is a nagger. She has her points and she loves her Istvan, but the home she makes for him is a chamber of horrors in its clutter and bad taste. Istvan had borne his grey life uncomplainingly for fourteen years, but he has a soul above Vienna schnitzel, noodles and domestic prattle. A year before the play begins he has suddenly decided to give himself an occasional fling. It is a modest one, and—in the translation—eminently correct. Unknown to his wife he buys evening clothes, and leaves them with his tailor. Then once a month he dons them, dines at a fashionable restaurant, watches the gay throng around him, tips his waiter handsomely at the end of the evening and goes back to his unsuspecting spouse, who thinks he has been dining with office associates.

The opening act of the play shows the first of these occasions on which he meets a girl. Heretofore, he has been merely "outside looking in." But the escort of a girl at the next table to his is called away for half an hour, and she is annoyed by an intoxicated diner. Our hero gets rid of the intruder and remains with the girl to protect her till her escort returns. She is pretty and charming. He ends by making rarified love to her, dreaming aloud as it were, and picturing in winged words the happiness of kindred souls roaming through space together. The girl, who is really a nice young person in the translation, is so much impressed that Istvan is frightened. He excuses himself, pays his bill and leaves the restaurant. She gets his name and address, and calls at his flat the next day to listen to some more winged words about journeys among the stars. She assumes that his wife is the servant, and is assured by the wife, who wishes to look into this matter more closely, that her husband is the brother of the man the girl had met the night before.

Matters become complicated. In a later scene with our hero his wife announces her intention to leave him at once, and Istvan—who has told the girl his home is in Cairo—invites her to dine with him at the flat that evening. He buys some caviar and white wine and prepares for another intellectual conference; but his wife changes her mind and remains at home. She insists on serving the dinner, as Istvan's sister-in-law, and this badly cramps his conversational style. All the comedy in the play develops from those mix-ups. In the end the girl learns the truth and departs. Istvan lovingly shares the white wine and caviar with his wife—and the curtain falls on a tableau of conjugal content. All in all a gay little comedy, beautifully acted and produced.

EYE ON THE SPARROW. The Sparrow fell down so hard at the Vanderbilt Theatre this month that the producer, Girvan Higginson, allowed it to die after a few death twitches. No one will mourn its passing—least of all Catherine Doucet, who had the impossible task of making the heroine amusing. The heroine was not—nor was the play, which gave its audiences a few of the most depressing evenings of this current theatrical season. Why are new producers so hopeful, and so reckless, every spring?

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

VIVACIOUS LADY. The old question of social caste as the basis of a dramatic conflict is made extremely palatable, and even given an air of youthful freshness, by the addition of some music, not sad, and of a large measure of comedy in this investigation of the burning query, are actresses people? The theme goes back quite a few years for plausibility, beyond the Nineties and before Duse became singular for not flirting with Burke's Peerage. But perhaps the snobbish barriers are still up-raised against cabaret singers on the theory that they are not even actresses. The heroine of this story by I. A. R. Wylie takes her hard lot in good part, however, and preserves her whirlwind romance with a college professor even in the midst of small-town suspicion and social rigidity. Their submission to the amenities of an impolite society gives rise to many humorously appealing trials before the marriage is finally and generously approved. Director George Stevens has brought versatility out of the production by interweaving the ghost of a serious tone with the preponderant comedy and has been ably seconded by a skilful cast. Ginger Rogers gives a creditable performance on the non-musical side and James Stewart, Beulah Bondi and Charles Coburn add substance and froth to the film. Its incidents have an adult flavor, for the most part. (RKO)

HOLD THAT KISS. Farce is not usually noteworthy for originality either in theme or treatment, so there is little to complain about in this smoothly contrived variation on double mistaken identity. It is pleasant fun, pleasantly served, and Edwin Marin, who directed, apparently had no trouble in living up to his material. The action develops quickly when a romantic couple, both from modest middle-class homes, meet at a swanky wedding reception and mistake one another for plutocrats. The error grows into an elaborately painful pretense which is effectively undermined by the girl's family and a rapacious St. Bernard, acquired at a dog show, and finally crumbles to the relief of all concerned. The plot moves easily and rapidly and even though it never gets anywhere in particular, it holds a fair degree of interest. A good cast, featuring Maureen O'Sullivan, Dennis O'Keefe, Jesse Ralph, Mickey Rooney and George Barbier, gives the wispy tale an illusion of reality. This is a picture eminently suited to the family. (MGM)

BLIND ALIBI. This is a typical adventure melodrama touched off with a suggestion of boudoir intrigue à la Sardou. The girlish love letters which evidently haunt French matrons throughout their settled respectability lead to an international search in which the tremulous lady's brother faces death and a romance of his own in order to set her mind at ease. Married to a diplomat and bled by a gang of blackmailers, she appeals to her brother who traces the missives to a Los Angeles museum and there recovers them at the expense of a jail term. The piece is thoroughly equipped with the traditional jealous husband, an elusive scrap of paper, a wild pursuit and a happy ending, which qualifies it for first class Sardoodledom, with, of course, Hollywood improvements. It is average fare for general patronage. (RKO)

HUNTED MEN. A new note in the war against crime is struck in this interesting melodrama when the influence of the typical American home softens a life-long racketeer. But it does not go so far as to urge the adoption of a gangster in every home, merely showing how environment, plus romance, can uncover hearts of gold. Mary Carlisle, Lloyd Nolan and Lynn Overman lend a solid look to a rather garish fiction which holds some excitement for the family. (Paramount)

THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS

EVENTS

SEVERAL new *putsches* were launched. . . . A New York Negro staged a one-man, anti-Semitic *putsch*. Following a party, he entered a police station, struck an attitude before the astonished desk-sergeant, poured forth an impassioned attack on the Jews. Ushered into the outside air, he trekked to another station house, roused several sleeping cops with the same oration. Escorted outside with the advice to go home and sleep it off, he spurned the counsel, mounted a soap box on a busy corner, lauded Hitler, assailed the Jews. A large crowd gathered, began to menace his physical welfare. Concerned about the threat to his health, the Negro pulled a fire alarm signal. The *putsch* was crushed when engines and police arrived. The Negro was led to jail charged with turning in a false alarm. . . . A Southern physician set off another *putsch*, one against back-seat driving. When he drove an automobile he was a menace to the public because of his wife's jealous nagging, he charged. She removed the rear-view mirror to prevent his seeing women on the street; would not allow him to cast his eyes toward the curb while driving, he declared. Legislation to prohibit back-seat driving was being considered by groups who favor a decrease in the number of auto accidents. . . . Popular resentment against the growing practice among Hungarian customs officials of appearing in public without mustaches forced the Budapest Government to put an end to mustache-shaving. An old Hungarian law protects mustaches. It was passed at a time when total disappearance of the Hungarian mustache was feared. . . . Some strange relation between his family and hansoms, taxis, was puzzling a Philadelphia man. He himself was born in an old-fashioned hansom cab. Last week his daughter was born in a latest-style taxi. . . .

The judiciary had a colorful week. . . . In South Carolina a witness ate garlic just before the court opened. He had barely commenced his testimony, when the judge banged down the gavel, abruptly suspended the session for the day. . . . A legal precedent was set up in West Virginia, when the court ruled that a baseball player has an inalienable right to fight with an umpire. A test case to ascertain whether an umpire has the right to fight back was being readied. The decision will result in livelier ball games, according to informed sources. . . . Another precedent appeared in New Jersey. It was decided that the dropping of a lighted cigarette down a wife's back during arguments over a pinochle game constituted grounds for divorce. . . . New causes for arrest were observed. . . . A citizen in Brooklyn was arrested for standing on a curb and waiting for a trolley car. . . . The knotty question whether to give drivers' licenses to blind people came up in Georgia. The Georgia State Welfare Department received an application for relief from a needy, blind person. The relief was granted. Shortly after the same applicant applied for an automobile driver's license. . . . Graphic instances exemplifying how old age slows people down were glimpsed. . . . For the first time in twenty years, an eighty-three-year-old up-State New Yorker had to forego his birthday custom of standing on his head. . . . The oldest barber in the United States, a resident of Vermont, had to stay away from work on his ninety-ninth birthday. . . . Existence of a certain amount of matrimonial infelicity here and there in the United States was suspected. . . . A seventy-eight-year-old Massachusetts woman divorced her husband. She did not like his habit of mistaking her for a sparring partner and punching her. . . . Some new records were established. A California tonsorial genius shaved a client in 8.2 seconds, broke the world's record of 8.4 seconds hung up last year in Outer Mongolia. . . .

THE PARADER